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THE THREE AMBASSADORS IN THE PRESENCE OF PROKOP.

THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG;

OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF MEEKNESS

CHAPTER VII.

THE three men walked rapidly forward until they were out of sight of the town, when by degrees they

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unconsciously slackened their pace. For awhile they were all silent, each occupied with the bitter trial they had just undergone in parting with those they loved. Schelle was the first to recover his speech. He stopped, stretched himself out, and then said, looking about him:—"It is truly a high price I

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have paid for my freedom: yet I do not repent it. I would rather go and face the enemy than pine away between four bare walls, even if it cost me my life. It is better to suffer death as an ambassador, than to be hanged as a malefactor. Between two evils, one must choose the least. But have the Hussites really hearts of stone and not of flesh? Huss, whom they make their war-cry, was not, they say, in his lifetime, a ferocious man; and the apple generally falls near the tree. One must try to take them on their weak side. That is what I shall do."

Neither Muller nor Wolf said a single word in reply to Schelle's chatter-box observations.

"Let me consider," continued he, talking to himself, "what would be the worst they could do with us. Split our skulls, perhaps, or run us through with their lances, or strike us down with hatchets, or burn us alive, as was done to Huss himself. I wonder if I should have the courage to sing, as Huss is said to have done, in the midst of the flames! Or perhaps they may wish to torment us a little for their own amusement. I should not much like that!"

"Do be silent, Schelle!" cried the schoolmaster, shuddering. "Why should you set yourself to torture us with imaginary horrors, at the very time when courage and firmness are most necessary to us?"

"Well! I did not mean it ill," answered Schelle: "I rather thought that if one represents a thing as worse than it is, the reality will be less terrible. But I can talk of something else to shorten the way."

"Alas!" sighed the schoolmaster; "oh! that the way to the enemy were but so long that it would take a whole lifetime to reach them!"

"Prokop Rasus is the name of their leader," said the unwearied Schelle; "a very extraordinary name. Rasus comes from raving. But Prokop—what that means I cannot guess; and I am a good guesser too."

"I fear," said the schoolmaster to Wolf, who had not spoken a word, "that Schelle's tongue will do us more harm than good with the enemy. But there they are! May Providence defend us!"

"There are the man-eaters," groaned Schelle, turning pale and hiding himself behind his two companions, who walked boldly forward until they touched the points of the lances of a troop of soldiers forming the vanguard of the Hussite army.

"Stand!" cried a trooper, who could speak the German language, "or the cold steel must make a nearer acquaintance with you than you will like."

"If one only were a dog," muttered Schelle, his teeth chattering with terror, "I would run, I know, as far as my legs could carry me!"

"Conduct us to General Prokop," said Wolf, calmly. "We are delegates from Naumburg, commissioned to treat with you in the name of our city."

"To treat!" cried a soldier, in derision. "The mice are coming out of their holes to treat with the master of the house! Creep back to your nests! Back with you!"

"We shall not go back," returned Wolf, calmly and firmly, "until we have fulfilled our commission. It is not you who have to decide the

fate of Naumburg, but Prokop your commander. Announce our presence to him, therefore, and our intentions, if you may not at once lead us to him."

"What daring language!" cried another trooper. "Give him the point of your lance, to stop his swaggering."

The Bohemian addressed, accordingly pointed his lance against Wolf's bare neck. He stood as steady and firm as a rock, without the least sign of terror or alarm. The trooper lowered his lance, and said laughing: "The fellow shows courage: I like that!"

Muller now stepped forward and said: "Is Uffo Muller known among you? He is my brother's son. If he is near, pray call him, and tell him that we are here. I have understood that he is of some consideration with you; and he will, doubtless, speak a good word to your commander for his native town."

The troopers looked at one another, and conversed together for a while in the Bohemian language. The three men were then directed to walk up to the camp, accompanied by some of the soldiers, who, after many delays, conducted them at length into the presence of the dreaded chief. He was sitting in his tent, surrounded by his staff; and as the Naumburgers approached, he turned his head and looked at them, saying in a harsh voice, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

All Schelle's boasted courage had evaporated long ago. He was quite incapable of speaking a word. The schoolmaster also trembled from head to foot, and could not command his voice. Wolf, however, replied calmly and steadily: "We are sent here by the citizens of Naumburg, to plead with you for mercy and forbearance towards our town. You will doubtless—

"Mercy? Forbearance?" interrupted Prokop; "did you show mercy and forbearance to Huss?"

"How could we do so," returned Wolf, "when we never knew him, nor even saw him?"

"But one from your town joined the assembly at Constance, in the decision which condemned him to the flames."

"How can a whole town be answerable for the conduct of one among its inhabitants?" asked Wolf, gently. "Besides this, the individual of whom you speak has been dead many years, and has had no successor."

"Be that as it may," answered Prokop, "the fire which so cruelly consumed our noble Huss will not be quenched until the dwellings of his murderers, with all their inhabitants, are reduced to dust and ashes. Grimma, Zeitz, Altenburg, and Crossen have already become beacons of our righteous vengeance, and Naumburg shall share the same fate."

"May I venture to remind you, Herr Prokop," said the undaunted Wolf, "how, for the sake of ten righteous men, the city of Sodom would have been spared? And will you, for the sin of one man, devote a large town to destruction? Merciful and long-suffering is our heavenly Father—patient, and of great goodness. Imitate him, Herr Prokop, and you will show yourself his child."

"The Almighty acts in one way, and sinful

man in another," said Prokop. "It is not to be expected or required of men to show divine mercy and forbearance."

"It is said of John Huss," replied Wolf, "that he compassionated a peasant who brought a faggot to feed the flames which consumed him. Compassionate us in like manner, and do not destroy us."

"Who are you, man, with your ready tongue? You speak the language we hear from our own preachers, and yet I find you among the enemy."

"It is but a simple linen-weaver that stands before you," answered Wolf; "and if I can thus speak boldly to you, it is help from above that gives me strength and courage."

"If you do not believe my friend's words, Herr Prokop," said Muller, who had by this time regained his self-possession, "then ask my brother's son, Uffo Muller, who has joined your army. Uffo! Uffo!" continued the schoolmaster, raising his voice, and looking searchingly around, "if you are near, and can hear the words of your uncle, oh! plead with your commander for your unhappy native town."

"Spare yourself the trouble of speaking," said Prokop, sternly, "and learn my will. You shall remain here in the camp this night, and early tomorrow you shall be eye-witnesses of the judgment we shall inflict upon your city. Take these three men," continued Prokop, addressing the soldiers, "and guard them closely." And he turned away to join his companions.

"Merey! merey! merey!" cried Schelle in a deplorable voice, falling on his knees before him.

"Away with him!" said Prokop, impatiently waving his hand; and Schelle was roughly seized and led away with his companions.

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

A STROLL AT HAMPTON COURT.

ONE of the pleasantest routes to Hampton Court, according to our notion, is to travel by the Southampton Railway as far as Kingston-upon-Thames, and to walk on through that ancient and interesting assize town, with its coronation stone, on which seven of the Saxon monarchs were crowned, and having left the town and the river Thames behind us, to approach the palace by the footway across Bushy Park. That is the way we have come this morning. There is not a cloud in the sky; the pleasant south wind blows a gentle fragrant breeze towards us as we enter the park by the iron gate after passing Kingston Bridge. The foot-way, which is a three and four-fold track, divided by strips and patches of grass, winds at first along an open level sward towards a plantation of ancient hawthorns, whose delicate odours are wafted on the wind. Around, the small birds are twittering and chirping, and darting hither and thither with an incessant clamour, which tells of important business on hand, and which probably is nothing less than the launching of their young families upon the ocean of life this fine morning, and into a state of independent existence. Overhead a thousand larks are thrilling and chorusing together in one simultaneous peal of complicated harmony. The path conducts us in a few minutes out of the

hot sun's rays to the shelter of the hawthorns, which at this particular season are covered thick with dense masses of the May-blossom, beneath which hardly a single green leaf is visible, but which are ready to shed their glories on the ground with the first rude gale that shall be cruel enough to rout them. The scared blackbird, whom our approaching footstep rouses from his lair, in the deep recesses of a patriarchal tree, as he flutters out with a hoarse chaffering, showers down a storm of the white petals upon our shoulders, and sprinkles us with the sweet-smelling spoil as we pass on. A flock of deer and graceful playmate fawns who have settled down to rest in the broad shadow of another tree, start to their feet and scamper off to the right among the tall fern, and disappear all but their branching horns and twinkling ears, as they squat again upon their haunches. The hawthorns grow larger and more numerous as we proceed: their gnarled and convoluted trunks, twisted together in a thousand eccentric shapes, and showing of an inky hue beneath the shadows of their impenetrable tops, suggest the idea of monster pythons struggling and writhing in mortal combat. Here an old veteran, after standing for centuries the heats of summer and the howling blasts of winter, has succumbed to the attacks of time and fate, and now lifts only a stunted and decapitated trunk among his green and flourishing brethren; and here the tender sapling, which some benevolent hand has planted to supply the place of the lost one, weeps his tribute of blossoms upon the dead trunk of his progenitor.

But now we leave the hawthorns behind, and enter the green and grassy shades of the huge chestnut trees, which in long leafy avenues stretch away from the palace front. We hear the splashing sound of falling water; but it is almost deadened by the hum and prattle and laughter and shouts, both near and far off, of many voices. Then with the deep dark greens and flashes of yellow sunlight, come sudden gleams of white dresses and many-coloured millinery, and flying forms of maidens and children; and then a sudden turn lands us almost in the midst of a holiday party. In the centre is a tablecloth, spread in the cool shade, and loaded with an *omnium gatherum* of viands and potables, from a good-looking ham, most remorselessly gashed, and an undeniable pork pie, disembowelled with as little consideration, to a gooseberry tart in a past tense, and fragments of biscuits and cheese. A good-humoured, round-faced dame presides at the repast, which, if one may judge from the attendant symptoms, and the execution done upon the eatables, has well nigh reached its conclusion. Father is taking his rest, and, seated with his back against the tree, with his eyes half closed, is for once enjoying the rare and to him exquisite delight of doing nothing, and thinking about it. The younger branches, some ten in number, are grouped at a little distance, engaged in the rather noisy process of settling the preliminaries of some game, at which they will be busily occupied before long. Only a few remain, stretched at full length round the banquet, and cooly shilly-shallying with the relishing remnants.

This agreeable party presents but an isolated specimen of what is going on in from fifty to a

hundred other places within the compass of a couple of acres or so. We hear the echoes of their voices, their shouts of glee ; we see them chasing each other in circles, and catch a glimpse of gilded hoops, whirled aloft in the air, at the pastime of *le gras*, and of white shuttlecocks spinning and fluttering among the leaves. Then there is the sound of music—fiddle, fife, and tambourine scrape and whistle and tap and thrum and jingle together, with occasional peals of laughter and shouts of triumph.

On, beneath the pleasant green gloom and the delicious fragrance of the pyramids of blossoms aloft—past the painted notice, which informs all whom it may concern that “fence month” commences on Thursday, when the licence of holiday-makers will be considerably abridged, because they will then be restricted to definite limits—and crossing the road we enter the palace gardens. “To the Maze,” says an inscription on a board, a reminder by no means wanted at this moment, for the maze proclaims its own whereabouts by a clamour from at least a hundred female voices, who have got possession of it. Ladies are supposed to be good at ferreting out a secret ; yet we have heard it stated by one who should be a good authority on the subject, that of those who visit Hampton Court with the intention of untangling this celebrated Gordian knot, the proportion who succeed in so doing without guidance is not more than one in six hundred. We have no intention of trying it ourselves, having signally failed on a former occasion, and we pass on through the quadrangles of the palace to the picture galleries.

Hampton Court gallery has been described as the waste-butt and lumber-room of the national works of art. The description is more splenetic than discriminating. There is undoubtedly much here that no man of taste would afford room for on his own walls ; the obfuscations of Ruggiero might be sunk in the Thames without any public loss ; the sea-fights of Huggins would appropriately drape the outside of a travelling caravan ; the historical attempts of Holbein ought to be burned by national vote, in tenderness towards his remarkable merits as a portrait painter ; the court beauties, with their fish-shaped eyes and bare necks, might be creditably thinned ; and we should not care if a few rods of the canvass of Benjamin West went to the hammer for what it would fetch, while public morals would be improved by the withdrawal of some classical outrages on propriety. But with all these drawbacks, there are treasures in the gallery worth a pilgrimage to see. To say nothing of Raphael’s cartoons, which lie far beyond our criticism, there are the works of Rembrandt, of Giordano, of Bassano, of Rubens, and others, a goodly number, who have won their reputation well and worn it long. If the proposition which has been lately made for the establishment of a national portrait gallery should ever be carried out, the treasures of this kind which hang in the galleries at Hampton Court might appropriately form the basis of the collection. Among them will be found many of the finest masterpieces in this walk of art, including a series of life-like, almost breathing heads by Bassano, some by Tintoretto, a few by our own Gainsborough, more by Vandyke, and a marvellous collection of matter-of-fact and unsophis-

ticated nature from the uncompromising pencil of the most thorough-going of all portrait painters—Holbein.

Passing the funereal state canopy, we enter the Cartoon Gallery through a small door to the left. As usual, there is almost nobody present, and the few that are, are content with merely a hasty glance at the cartoons as they pass along towards the door at the other end. This indifference to the grandest efforts of human genius affords an unwelcome comment upon the popular feeling with regard to art in this country, because it is explainable only on one principle—to wit, that the popular eye is fascinated by the glare of showy colours, and unimpressible by the greatest perfection of mere form and outline. The cartoons want colour ; their tints, where they have not cracked and broken away, have faded to the rubbish-like hues of stale plaster, and as rubbish the uneducated eye passes them over, and will go on to do so, so long as the general ignorance on these matters characterises the mass of the people. For ourselves, all we can say is, that we never see them without deriving some new impression of their excellence ; and we leave them this time with the conviction that of all pictures ever painted they tell their tale with the greatest perspicuity, and with a simplicity which, were it free from error, would be comparable almost to the wording of an Old Testament narrative.

Cooled by the leisurely promenade of the galleries, we cross the quadrangles once more, and make our exit into the flowery wilderness which forms the general garden of the rusticating Londoner. Really the privilege of wandering at one’s own sweet will among these floral beauties—of lolling on comfortable seats by cooling waters, and beneath the dark cedar branches—is a privilege worth being grateful for. The air is full of the fragrance of flowers ; the crimson roses, in flush clusters, rise in pyramids, like sentinels guarding the path ; the dense groves of rhododendrons, their broad blossoms of yellow, pink, and purple, intermingled like the bursting stars of a shower of rockets, dazzle the eye, and one half expects to see them vanish suddenly from view ; delicate creepers, trailing their slender filmy blossoms, wind spirally from branch to branch, drooping their bell-shaped cups towards the soil, or unfolding their starry petals to the sky ; while the tended beds beneath are carpeted with the myriad flowers, of all hues that own allegiance to the sun of summer, from blood-red peonies, big as cannon-balls, and heaped like cannon-balls on a bastion, in pyramidal piles, down to the little meek blue-eyed forget-me-not, twinkling like a star in some quiet depth of shade.

Pleasant as is the scene, it is pleasanter still to witness the placid enjoyment of it by the multitude. They lounge in quiet on the seats—they laugh and gossip with their children—they pamper the lazy fat fish in the central basin, and stuff that pet swan in the canal, who seems to have stowage in his bread-room for no end of biscuits, and will either gobble from your hand or fetch your donation from any distance you can throw it. Then they cluster round a privileged angler, and raise triumphant shouts when a funny victim is hauled from his element and subjected to their notice. Then a new source of interest is discovered in a

brood of young ducklings, whom the mother, confined in a wicker cage, is calling with plaintive "quack" to come home out of danger, but who are undutiful enough to prefer the open water to the maternal wing with loss of liberty. How the poor mother quacks and quacks when the children hunt the ducklings! and how the ducklings, in danger of being caught, hurry and scuffle and flutter and run, and, when they tumble, positively do not stop to get up, but flutter and scuffle and hurry along all the same! and what a chorus of laughter the performance elicits from the juvenile throats! Then on the top of the wall that runs flush with the garden front of the palace, there is a row of the parrot tribe, ranged on their perches to enjoy the sunshine; red parrots, green parrots, white cockatoos, and parti-coloured nondescripts of the parrot race, all chattering and squalling together. The noise is too much for our tympanum, and we stroll out of ear-shot, and into a shady nook whence we have a view of that long avenue of lofty limes which stretches away through the Home Park, and which seems, by a trick of perspective, to terminate in Kingston Church, more than a mile away, though it does not really extend to more than a third of that distance. This avenue still bears traces of the discipline to which it was formerly subjected from the axe and shears of the ornamental gardener, and may be the trimmest and most compact to be met with on this side the Channel. It presents a noble spectacle to the eye, and tempts us to employ a few minutes in transferring a memorial of it to our sketch-book.

Another delightful dreamy hour in the garden, with the dark branches of a cedar overhead, the dappled shadows on the grass, the songs of birds, the scent of flowers, the soothing drip of the fountain, forming an atmosphere of luxury around us; and then the warnings of appetite gently goad us into the parlour of the King's Arms Inn. Here a solitary chop and a temperate draught refresh us for the return walk to Kingston, under the tall chestnuts, the blossoming hawthorns, and on the open meadow-land. Nothing more remarkable than a wandering pedlar, who has gone to sleep beneath the falling blossoms, with his pack for a pillow and a little crop-eared runt of a Scotch terrier for a defender, meets us on the homeward track. If, as we plod quietly along, we ponder over the past history of Hampton Court, and the chequered life, setting in shame and sorrow, of the "boy bachelor" who was its founder, that is no reason why we should set down the results of our speculations and remembrances. The reader of "The Leisure Hour" knows something of the memories of Hampton Court,* and of the regal doings of which it has been the scene; and if he wants further information as to the lions of the place and the neighbourhood, we cannot do better than refer him to the guide-books, which are crammed with these useful matters, and are sold on the spot at a most moderate price.

Returning once more to Kingston, and gazing round us upon the quiet, cleanly town, and into its shop-windows, we find ourselves accidentally face to face with an engraved portrait of that

sturdy "village Hampden," Timothy Bennet, shoemaker, whose name will be long held in reverence among the dwellers on the borders of the royal park. When the Earl of Halifax was Steward of the Honour and Lieutenant Keeper of the Chase of the domain of Hampton, he sought to exclude the people of Hampton Wick from the grounds, by shutting them out and abolishing the foot-way which they had enjoyed for centuries. This was illegal, and the shoemaker knew it was illegal. He resolved to withstand the despotism of the Earl, and therefore commenced proceedings at law to defend the popular right. The Earl of Halifax sent for him, and when the bold man appeared at the palace, demanded to know who he was, that he should dare to oppose the interests of the Crown. "Sir," said Timothy, "I am an honest man, and a shoemaker; I have worked sixty years and saved seven hundred pounds, and I have resolved to spend it in defending the rights of my fellow parishioners, who will suffer in health and the means of recreation if they are shut out of the park. Their fathers have enjoyed the right of way for many generations, and it is neither right nor lawful that the children should be deprived of it." The Earl told him he would ruin himself, and do no good; but Timothy, who had had the sense to pay for good counsel before he moved in the business, knew better than that, and was not to be shaken in his purpose. Finding that his adversary was not to be cowed, and knowing that he was himself in the wrong, the Earl did not proceed in his design, but left the disputed way open. He feared, according to Timothy's biographer, to run the risk of figuring in the public prints as defeated defendant in the cause "The Earl of Halifax *versus* Timothy Bennet, cobbler." The question, therefore, was never decided by the law courts.

CHELTENHAM.

AT a time when the subject of popular scientific education is receiving so much consideration, the visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to Cheltenham, the western metropolis of education, becomes invested with peculiar interest. The claims of a fashionable watering-place to such an honour, as contrasted with those of the capitals of Scotland and Ireland, the universities, and the seats of our manufacturing greatness, might indeed well have been disputed some years back. At that time a learned judge, in his address to a grand jury at Gloucester, did not hesitate to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, you are perhaps as well aware as I am of the nature of the people of Cheltenham: pleasure is their occupation, and idleness is their business." Since that day, however, a great change has taken place in the "queen of watering-places," as the fair town has ambitiously, but not untruly, been designated. Her fame, as a fashionable spa for loungers and real or imaginary invalids, has been eclipsed by her substantial reputation as a great centre of admirable educational institutions. A few columns, therefore, on the rise and progress of the town will be not uninteresting to those who reside at a distance from it, or who may have been

* See Nos. 89 and 90 of "The Leisure Hour."

drawn to it by the visit of the British Association.

The vale of Severn, in which Cheltenham is situated, has long been celebrated for its picturesque and rural beauty, and one of our monarchs (George III) even asserted that it was the fairest portion of his dominions he had ever beheld. From the elevated summits of the adjacent Cotswold Hills, vast and magnificent views of the vale, with its three principal centres of life—Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Cheltenham—are to be obtained. The spectator looks down upon a fruitful and wide-spreading landscape, bounded in one direction by the Malvern Hills, while in another the course of the noble Severn can be followed by the eye till it loses itself in the distant mountains of Wales.

Historical research proves that, some centuries prior to the discovery of its mineral springs, Cheltenham existed as a place of considerable trade, enjoying many privileges as church property, till the Reformation, when, at the dissolution of the monasteries, it was reduced to poverty. All the local documents of the borough, however (to the beginning of the eighteenth century), show that the once-flourishing town had sunk to the level of an obscure hamlet, when suddenly an event took place of no little importance to its future history. In 1716 a gentleman, who had purchased a field close to the village of Cheltenham, found that it contained a spring of a peculiar saline character, which attracted flocks of pigeons. An analysis of the water was made by some eminent medical men in 1718, and its valuable properties thus becoming known, the spring was railed in, a shed thrown over it, and the waters sold medicinally. In 1738 a small dome was erected over the little spa, with a room on the west side for the use of invalids, who now began to resort to it. Anxious still further to improve his property, Captain Skillicorne (in whose family it still continues) commenced, in the winter of 1739, planting the beautiful and celebrated avenue of elm trees, which, under the name of the Royal Old Well Walk, remains one of the most interesting features of Cheltenham.

The rustic inhabitants of the hitherto quiet hamlet were slow to appreciate the benefit that might accrue to them from any celebrity their spa might acquire; and we find in the papers of the day many complaints of their opposition to improvement, and of the slight pains taken to give accommodation to visitors. With the exception of a few lodging-houses, the aspect of Cheltenham at the above period was that of a straggling village, the principal street being composed of thatched, unconnected cottages. The Chelt, which ran through it, was crossed at intervals by stepping-stones, still remembered by the most aged living inhabitants. The fine old parish church, embosomed in trees and surrounded by luxuriant meadows, formed, however, even then a striking and prominent object. So little intercourse was there with London, that no direct road existed from the metropolis to Cheltenham, and visitors who trusted themselves to a stage-coach that came to Frog Mills, a well-known spot seven miles from the spa, had to run the risk of procuring post-chaises for the remainder of their journey. The post to London went and came three times a week. A local historian in-

forms us that in this phase of its existence, "the various offices of constable, postmistress, crier, and watchman were filled in Cheltenham by an eccentric female character, who was almost the only parish officer in existence. She was named 'Nanny the Bellwoman,' and, being a very athletic person, loaded and unloaded the wagons which came to the corn market, captured prisoners, cried the hour of the night, and duly delivered letters at least within a fortnight after they left the place from whence they were sent. At this period there was only one magistrate, and the administration of justice was quickly done between Nanny and the kind-hearted gentleman of the bench."*

An event, scarcely second in importance to the discovery of the mineral springs, was now, however, to take place, and to be one of the instruments through which the future leading spa of England was to emerge from this primitive condition.

A stranger, standing upon the brow of Leckhampton Hill (the nearest Cotswold summit), on the 12th of July, 1788, would have been struck with the unusual excitement in the vale below. Crowds of country people lined the roads; while the joyous peal of bells from the old church tower, mingled with other musical sounds, floated on the breeze. A royal progress was taking place, and the good old king (George III) had come, by the command of his physicians, to drink the waters of the little rural spa. Madame D'Arblay, who, as one of the queen's attendants, was present on this occasion, has preserved for us a slight sketch of the scene:—

"The crowd," she says, "gathered together upon the road, waiting for the king and queen to pass, was immense, and almost unbroken from Oxford to Cheltenham. Yet, though so numerous, so quiet were they, and so new to the practices of a hackneyed mob, that their curiosity never induced them to venture within some yards of the royal carriage, and their satisfaction never broke forth into tumult and acclamation. Their majesties travelled wholly without guards or state."

Fauconberg Hall—a house situated about a quarter of a mile from Cheltenham—was the residence of the king during his stay; but so inefficient was the accommodation for the royal party, that when the Duke of York visited his father, a small wooden house was joined to Fauconberg Hall for his reception.

The king continued the use of the springs for a month, being constantly at the spa by a little after six in the morning, walking with the queen and princesses, who also took the waters. On the 16th of August, the royal party left Cheltenham, at eight in the morning, driving slowly through the crowd assembled to take leave of them.

The visit of royalty acted, as might have been anticipated, as a regular advertisement of the spa. "Cheltenham," wrote one of the newspapers of the day, "will be the summer village of all that is fashionable and all that is dignified, the residence of the royal family being a thing quite new, so far from the metropolis. Already we hear of nothing

* "Goding's History of Cheltenham"—a little work of great local interest, and the result of much careful research.

but Cheltenham modes—*the Cheltenham cap, the Cheltenham bonnet, the Cheltenham buttons, the Cheltenham buckles*—in short, all the fashions are completely *Cheltenhamized* throughout the kingdom. The approaching fashion, attending the steps of majesty, will complete the climax of its prosperity. In consequence of the overflow of Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Prestbury are crowded. Lodgings have increased to such degree and at such a rate, that for apartments let the preceding season at three guineas, twenty-five guineas per week have been asked and received."

From the date of the royal visit arose a spirit of speculation, which soon led to the erection of handsome buildings, suited to the requirements of the visitors. Crescents, hotels, terraces, and public edifices of every description were raised in rapid succession. Year by year Cheltenham became a more frequented resort; and as it lost its rural simplicity, it assumed the character and appearance of a modern town and a fashionable watering-place. Amusements of every description sprang at the same time into existence, under the fostering care of wealth, fashion, and folly; and multitudes, abusing that legitimate recreation which the Creator has permitted for the restoration of our bodily and mental faculties, sought here, not fresh energy with which to pursue the avocations of life, but in thoughtless giddiness endeavoured to close the avenues of serious reflection. Only a few years, therefore, elapsed before the once quiet hamlet had obtained the unenviable notoriety attached to other places of like resort, and was as much known for the gambling and dissipation of those who frequented it, as by the fame of its justly-celebrated springs, or the natural beauties of the vale in which it is situated.

The low spiritual state of the Church of England during the eighteenth century is well known. Had it not been, therefore, for the labours of the Wesleys, Whitefields, and other evangelists of that period, united to those of their brethren in dissenting churches, Cheltenham must, under the combined influences to which we have alluded, have sunk ere long to a condition of complete apathy on religious subjects.

At different intervals, however, for a space of forty years, John Wesley roused it by his forcible appeals. Through the instrumentality, too, of the Countess of Huntingdon, other clergymen of piety and talent were induced to visit Cheltenham; and when refused admittance into the pulpit of the parish church, Lord Dartmouth, who was then staying in the town, and another excellent person (a Mr. Wells, who kept a large school), opened their houses for public worship. At the request of the nobleman just named, the apostolic Whitefield also visited Cheltenham, and an immense crowd collected, expecting to hear him in the parish church. Mr. Whitefield went at the appointed time, but the door of St. Mary's was closed against him. Ascending a tomb, therefore, he, under the canopy of heaven, addressed a multitude of attentive hearers from the words—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!” During this visit, Mr. Whitefield preached on several other occasions to immense congregations, and through his instrumentality, and that of his fellow-labourers, much interest was awak-

ened among the inhabitants and visitors, on the important subject of religion.

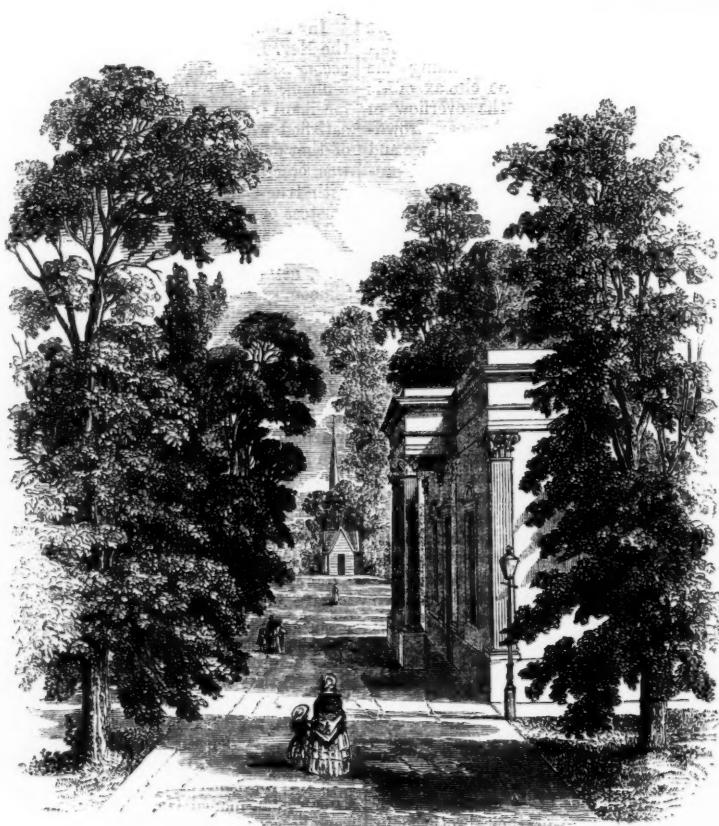
In 1809, principally through the exertions of the Rev. Rowland Hill, a large chapel, capable of accommodating 1000 persons, was opened in Cheltenham, and to this place of worship resorted for many years those persons who could not be satisfied with the mere formalism of the Church of that day. In 1816, too, another large chapel was erected by a magistrate of the town, who with true Christian liberality presented it to the trustees of the Countess of Huntingdon.

It is probable that the efforts thus made to meet the increasing spiritual wants of Cheltenham, attracted the attention of the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, who, as a zealous Churchman, and deeply interested in the revival of true religion, was by the above movements still further “provoked to love and good works.” In 1816, he, with five other persons, purchased the perpetual curacy of Cheltenham for £3000, presenting it to the Rev. Charles Jervis, a man of zeal and piety. Soon the results of the change were seen in the erection of a new church, in which the Rev. Francis Close commenced his career of usefulness as one of its ministers. At the death of Mr. Jervis, in 1826, Mr. Close was presented by the trustees of Mr. Simeon's livings to the perpetual curacy of Cheltenham.

A rapid course of healthy progress appears now to have commenced, which far surpassed, in its beneficial results, the impetus given by the royal visit. Mr. Close early perceived the full bearing of the great subject of education; and it is an interesting fact, that it was under his auspices that Wielderspin, the founder of infant schools, carried his plans into practice.

In 1840, when the population of the town had increased to 36,000, the idea of a proprietary college for the sons of residents was originated by a gentleman named Harecourt. The scheme being warmly seconded, 200 shares were created, the original value of each was £20; and in 1843 the college was opened. In consequence of the active part taken by the evangelical clergy of Cheltenham in its management, and the confidence thus created in the minds of parents, the number of pupils was gradually augmented, till, at the present time, the average attendance is 630 pupils, the shares having risen in value to the sum of £90 each. The Cheltenham Proprietary College has now, indeed, attained a reputation that enables it to vie with the first public schools of England, and the pupils have won the highest distinctions at the universities and civil and military colleges. We trust that it will ever remain identified with those principles of pure evangelical truth, to which, through the Divine blessing, we believe its great success, primarily, may be attributed. The Proprietary College is one of the finest buildings in the town, and within its walls the meeting of the British Association is being held.

We have now to speak of the Training College for schoolmasters and mistresses (founded by Mr. Close), an institution to which we look with peculiar interest. Already upwards of 600 teachers have been sent from this normal college, and there is scarcely a county in England where they are



THE ROYAL OLD WELLS.

not to be found. Latterly the missionary element has been developed, and a goodly little band of students have entered upon their labours as missionaries in India and the East.* We have heard the present Bishop of Jerusalem express his obligation to this institution for the efficient teachers sent from it to Jerusalem, and our colonies and mission stations are largely indebted to it for schoolmasters and mistresses.

Among the most important educational institutions of Cheltenham, must be ranked the Grammar School, a nobly-endowed institution, which had fallen into obscurity in consequence of the misappropriation of its funds. In 1852 this school was wholly remodelled, and has rapidly risen to the high position it now occupies. Not more than thirty boys, on an average, were formerly educated at this institution; now three hundred share

in the advantages it offers. May the young and ardent students of this ancient school, while setting a proper value on the privileges they enjoy, ever remember the words of their founder, Richard Pates—"Hoc est nescire, sine Christo plurima scire."**

It is calculated that the annual expenditure caused by these three educational institutions in the town of Cheltenham is as follows:—

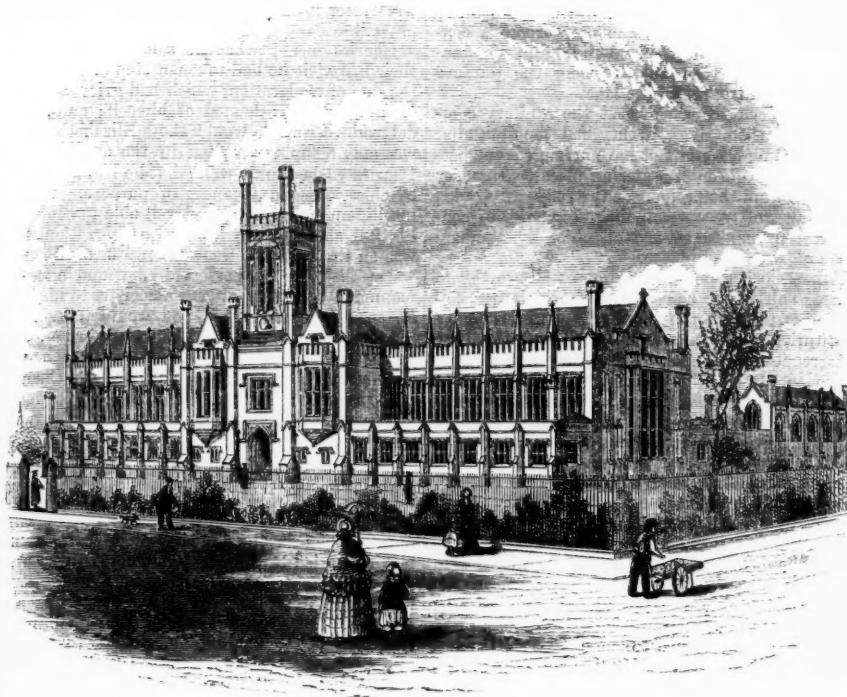
The Proprietary College	£150,000
The Training College	10,000
The Grammar School	30,000

These sums include fees and salaries to masters; expenditure of boarding-houses and of families residing in the town for the education of their sons, either at the College or the Grammar School.

Recently a proprietary ladies' college has been founded, which, with St. Margaret's College (a superior school for the daughters of tradesmen), is in a prosperous and efficient state. There are, besides these, other educational institutions of a

* We long to see this noble ambition diffused throughout all the educational institutions of Cheltenham. The highest type of humanity is to be found not in the soldier, but in the Christian philanthropist. Should not this truth be made to occupy a primary position in our colleges and schools, and supersede the false estimate often formed of objects unworthy of ambition?

** "However many things you profess to learn, or think you know, if you know not Christ, you know nothing."



THE PROPRIETARY COLLEGE.

private character, as well as those adapted for conveying the blessings of instruction to the poorer orders. On these, however, our space will not now permit us to dwell, and especially as the reader will have sufficiently gathered from our observations, how admirably Cheltenham is provided with all the appliances necessary to stamp upon it the character of a great educational focus. Its reputation in this respect casts somewhat into the shade its celebrity as a mineral spa, to which portion of our subject a brief space must now be given.

Subsequently to the period of George III's visit, several additional mineral springs were discovered in Cheltenham, which led to the establishment of the spas of Cambray, Montpellier, and Pittville.* The Royal Old Wells, with its fine

avenue of elms, is still, however, the favourite spa, and in the season presents an animated scene, when the inspiriting music of a band and numerous visitors enliven its walks. The splendid trees, now upwards of one hundred years old, form a long vista of embowered shade, the perspective being terminated by the spire of the old church; the gardens extend over seven acres; and a noble pump-room or music hall, built in the Corinthian order of architecture, has taken the place of the former more humble dome, erected by Captain Skillicorne.

To these springs, in 1816, came the Duke of Wellington, to recruit his strength after the fatigues of Waterloo. He was attended by a brilliant suite, and found so much benefit from the waters, that he visited them again in 1828. At an early hour the Iron Duke was to be seen at this spa, often accompanied by Prince Schwartzberg, Prince Esterhazy, Prince Puckler Muskau, or the Dukes of Buckingham, Beaufort, and Manchester, who were staying in the town, with many other branches of the nobility.

The Cambray Spa, at a short distance from the Old Wells, is justly celebrated for its chalybeate waters; and we must not omit to mention the Montpellier Spa, which possesses a great attraction in its beautiful gardens.

The last established, but most extensive spa, is

* "From the analysis of these waters by several distinguished chemists, it appears that their principal constituents are the chloride of sodium (muriate of soda), or sea salt, and the sulphates of soda and magnesia. Sulphate of lime, oxide of iron, and chloride of magnesia, are present in some wells only, and in much smaller proportion. Besides the ingredients mentioned, iodine and bromine have been detected in several of the sources by Dr. Daubeny. That gentleman was desirous of ascertaining whether these two active principles, which the French chemists had recently discovered in modern marine productions, did not also exist in mineral salt waters, issuing from strata which were formed beneath the sea. This examination has established their existence, not only in the waters of Cheltenham, but also in the greater number of the salt springs of Great Britain." —Sir Roderic Murchison on the Geography of Cheltenham.

the Pittville. One hundred acres of ground have been laid out by the projector, in drives, gardens, and walks. These form a delightful approach to the spa from the town. The pump-room is considered the most imposing building in Cheltenham, and stands on an elevation, the gardens sloping down from it to the lake.

It has been remarked, that the sanitary commissioners themselves, if they had the designing of a model city, could not have arranged one better than the queen of watering-places. In every direction from the promenade the roads are shaded by avenues of trees, reminding the visitor of continental towns, to several of which Cheltenham bears a great resemblance.

Among other public buildings well worthy of notice, Thirlestane House, with its celebrated collection of pictures, the Literary and Philosophical Institution, the General Hospital, and the New Congregational Chapel, will attract the visitors' attention. In addition to the parish church, seven others have been erected, which, with additional Wesleyan, Baptist, and Independent places of worship, give ample religious accommodation to the inhabitants, now upwards of 40,000 in number.

Cheltenham has been a favourite resort with many eminent characters. Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Campbell, Moore, Southey, Tennyson, and other literary men, have visited it, either to enjoy the beauties of its scenery or to take its waters.

Looking back upon the past history of this town, and its present transition state, from a place of idleness and pleasure to one of educational and mental activity, we think we are right in anticipating that the visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the consequent interest that cannot fail to be excited in relation to its objects, will be attended with the happiest results, and prove a starting point for fresh progress. A growing conviction exists of the importance of science as an element in education, and this feeling has, no doubt, largely influenced the repeated invitations given to the "Parliament of Science," to hold their congress here. During the period of its meeting we hope to be listeners at its sections, and find materials that will enable us to give a short sketch of its proceedings to the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

THE CHEERFUL GLASS.

ON a clear frosty morning in the beginning of January, a few years ago, a young couple might have been seen walking at a brisk pace through the long, narrow suburban town of B——. There was an air of neatness and good taste about their dress; they conversed with animation, tones of mirth often mingling with words of kindly affection; they were on the way to the house of a friend to join a dinner party.

"Dear Charles," said the young wife (for such she was), "do not be angry if I ask a favour—a great favour—do, for my sake, be very careful what you take to-day—I mean, of anything intoxicating. Remember, dear, what took place the last time we dined out, and pray forgive my reminding you. I do so, not in reproach, but in purest love."

"Say no more," replied Charles, "I shall drink chiefly water with my dinner, and only so much wine after it as you shall not be able to disapprove."

Charles meant what he said; he felt that at their last visit he had taken a step or two beyond the line of moderation, which had grieved his wife and made him ashamed of himself; and now he determined that he would show Elizabeth that it was only a slip, not a link in the chain of habit. Charles wished to do well; but he had no decision of character—no firmness of purpose. Fond of intelligent companions, and well able to contribute his full share to any kind of conversation which was on the *tapis*, he was a general favourite. With warm feelings, he possessed easy and agreeable manners; and when among associates to his taste, he soon became excited, and would talk and sip his wine much faster than he was aware of. The young couple smiled affectionately on each other as they arrived at their friend's house, and Charles's kind pressure of her hand and his look, conveying an assurance of good intentions, set the wife's mind at ease.

A waiting-maid conducted the visitors up-stairs, Elizabeth joining the ladies, who were putting finishing touches to their dress, while Mr. Charles Stanley was announced and introduced to a circle of gentlemen in the drawing-room—a group displaying varied taste in costume, and equal variety of countenance and deportment. All, however, manifested great suavity of manner, and smiles and small talk prevailed around. The ladies soon joined them, to be speedily conducted to the dining apartment, which was well arranged, the table being also set out with every elegant convenience. Lamps shed a soft lustre over every part of the well-warmed room; fairy-like lights and shadows, rainbow-tinted, glanced from chandeliers upon the snowy damask of the cloth; and glass and silver, of beautiful workmanship, vied with ice and frost in mimic forms upon classically-shaped vessels for various uses. Substantial viands sent forth "epicurean frankincense," accelerating the arrangement of "that great dispute of courts and cabinets, the choice of places"—warm, snug quarters for elderly and delicate ladies, suitable companions for the young, and an accomplished carver to assist the hostess in her onerous task at the head of the table.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man that of his friend." A social party doubles the enjoyment of our meal, and if digestion waits on appetite, the effect is complete. On the present occasion cheerfulness and good-humour reigned; light, exhilarating wine passed round, and did its duty; tongues were unlocked; the reserve of the ladies gave way; topic after topic was introduced, and discussed with more or less wit and varied skill by the gentlemen. Charles became interested; his remarks displayed shrewdness; he argued with force and perspicuity, drawing to himself the notice of a few congenial spirits. A debate was commenced and sustained with ability, the glass taking its rounds rapidly.

The mild eye of Elizabeth every now and then met that of her husband; but with a smile he gave a little shake of the head, so slight as to be unobserved by another, but plainly indicating to Eliza-

beth thus much, "No, you need not fear; for I am on my guard." Alas! Charles deceived himself—he was not so fully on his guard as he thought he was. Animated in his friendly dispute, he met his antagonist with convincing proofs, and, feeling his advantage, thrust home one argument after another till his victory was acknowledged. Glowing with conquest, the hero of the hour, he laughed and chatted triumphantly over his wine till the ladies rose to leave the room. Already his eye had become fiery in expression; his words were louder and more voluble than the occasion required. Fear awoke in the heart of Elizabeth. One imploring look, in which an almost agonized entreaty might be read, passed to him from her glistening eyes as she, with the other ladies, left for the drawing-room.

Glad was she to change the air of the now heated apartment for cool and quiet. Ladies flocked to the toilet-glass to readjust their curls and arrange their ornaments; specifics were extolled for expunging the stains of port wine, and economic recipes for the revival of superannuated silks and satins. The young wife had no ear for all this; she bathed her throbbing temples, and the air revived her sinking heart. She had sat watching Charles, as if future weal or woe hung on the course he took, and she could not collect her thoughts.

For a moment Elizabeth was the observed of all observers. Ladies in their after-dinner talk, however, do not dwell very long on any one theme. The new stitch in crochet, the leather work, the last Paris fashion, gossip of deaths, births, and marriages, a little scandal, and a little religion, with the passing events of the time—such subjects as these filled up the short interval which to Elizabeth appeared interminably long and tedious, till the order was given to announce coffee to the gentlemen below.

The true wife will fully enter into Elizabeth's feelings as one gentleman after another entered—some cool and composed as when they sat down to breakfast; others cheerful and full of merriment; here and there one (few and far between in the present day, I am happy to think) unsteady in their step, with deadened eyes gazing on vacuity, and words uttered thickly and without meaning; and now comes the one in whom she was most deeply interested. And, alas! how did he enter? Blundering up to where Elizabeth sat, he threw himself heavily on the sofa beside her, and, nearly upsetting her coffee, began joking, not in his usually refined and delicate manner, but coarsely; and, roughly handling her gloves and reticule, and as if regardless of the presence of others, he played all kinds of dull and witless tricks, bringing upon himself the laughter of some, and from others sneers and disdain. Charles, however, was equally regardless of all this, as of the imploring looks, the sighs, and efforts to check him, of his best friend.

"Why, how foolish you are, Lizzy," said he, in a choking whisper, audible in every part of the room. "I have taken" (here hiccup interrupted him) "nothing—a mere nothing, since you left the dining-table."

"Pray do not talk," said his wife, whispering so that he only might hear her; "let us get home

soon; and, dear Charles, pray be silent while we remain."

"Well," he again muttered, in surly tones and with a constant hiccup, "well, I can only say you never were more disturbed—I mean, deceived—in your life."

"Hush, pray hush!" said she, very softly.

"Oh! well, if you choose to be cross and silly," he roared out, "I shan't think of going home. So, now then," folding his arms and leaning back.

Elizabeth attempted no reply. She remembered the torrent of abuse, and the cruel speeches heaped upon her after the last dinner party. She felt that to speak or reason with Charles sober, was to appeal to a clear-headed, thinking man, of noble disposition and kind heart; but to reason with Charles tipsy, was quite a different affair. It was Charles no longer; a changeling, an evil spirit had entered that form, and was dwelling there. He half spilled, half drank a cup or two of coffee; and, seeing others depart, he in surly mood commanded his wife to "get her things on."

Glad of the summons, she looked out on the dreary winter night. The fine clear frost had given way to dense fog; clouds of grey and stinking vapour dimmed the gaslights, and clothed everything in chilling moisture. Few were passing in the streets, except the police, with their shaded lanterns; and now and then suburban omnibuses, of the localities around, came hurrying through on their journey to London, the horses' breath smoking, and the steam of their bodies enveloping them amid the fog.

What a convenience are these conveyances! thought poor Lizzy, as at the lamp-post she propped up her husband to hail the driver, trusting to be shortly safe at home. Down stepped the conductor at her summons, and was about to offer his obsequious services, when, with a staggering lunge, Charles discovered but too unmistakably his state of intoxication.

"Gent's drunk, marm; can't let him into the 'bus upon no account," said the conductor.

Elizabeth began to entreat, and would have paid double fare for each; but before she could utter her request, the "bus," with its thoughtless guide, was rolling onwards. Had Charles been sober and the night fine, the walk home would not have occupied twenty minutes; but under present circumstances the distance rose before poor Elizabeth like a pilgrimage. Little was said, except now and then an almost unintelligible word or two—sometimes of abuse, sometimes of unmeaning joke. It was hard work to keep Charles upon his feet; strength often failed, and at last, tripping over a stone, the weight of his body brought him and his poor wife to the ground. She was unhurt, and rose instantly, but found it impossible to raise him. What should she do?

At last a policeman made his appearance. She immediately begged his help, and promised a fee if he would convey the gentleman home. He shot back the shade of his dark lantern, and with characteristic taciturnity proceeded to raise and half carry Charles along the muddy streets and past lamp after lamp, each of which displayed the battered hat and daubed coat of the misguided husband. Long and wearisome were the steps which brought the three to their destination. Charles

was assisted up-stairs amidst the wondering looks and inquiries of his domestics, whose cunning glances gave note that they fully understood the excuse Elizabeth offered of illness!

Left alone, the unhappy wife now turned the key upon all the world, and gazed on her husband with unutterable anguish of spirit. "Charles, dearest Charles!" she began—and tears dropped like rain upon his heated brows—"my own Charles, can you listen to me?"

A sneer of bitter contempt, a half-uttered oath, and a volley of inarticulate abuse followed, terminating in the deep, leaden sleep of the drunkard. It was useless to say a word. She rendered his position safe, removed from his neck a beautiful silk stock which her own hands had put together, and, wrapping him warmly, laid herself down beside him to consider her best plan of acting.

Morning found her awake, after a troubled sleep with disturbed dreams. She sat down alone to the breakfast-table, and Charles's vacant chair stood opposite.

"I must do my duty," said she, "however he may be wrong; I must not, as his wife, reprobate or taunt him; and though in his mistaken moments he talks like a madman, I must recollect that it is not my Charles; it is the enemy which has crept into his head to steal away his brain, that pours out curses and abuse. His mind is deluded, and I must forgive his false views as I would those of the insane. Meantime I will set myself steadily to try and allure him back again to the path of peace."

Then she returned to where that inanimate mass of humanity lay, bound in the chains of drunkenness. At length he awoke. She was instantly at his side, but not with sulky looks or passionate rebukes. Ah! what an object of pity is the last evening's drunkard, when next day's repentance comes! Ill in body, and with a fearful collapse of spirit, pangs strike like arrows through his conscience. He would fain sleep again, and for ever, but it cannot be. He half remembers the past words of unkindness spoken by him—words too, alas! which he cannot recall, give what he would to do so.

Unimportant as our faults appear beforehand, or pleasant as they seem to us in the act of commission, when conscience calls us to its bar, we review them as through a magnifying glass; every minute circumstance then stands out clearly; every secret of the heart is brought from its dark recess.

Elizabeth had no occasion to recount her husband's faults; like a lion roused from sleep, the inward monitor stood now ready to vent its rage upon the defenceless victim. His wife's Christian spirit was his most severe accuser, and in uncontrollable anguish of mind he turned this way and that to seek relief; but there was no physician, no balm in Gilead, sought by poor unhappy Charles. Had he sought the aid of God's Holy Spirit in fervent prayer, the evil habit might have been broken; but, alas! he did not do so. He rose, left his room, wandered out of doors to get rid of his wretchedness; and, ah! that I should say so, he remembered the sedative effects of the glass, and argued thus in his own thoughts: "I will never again allow myself to be overcome

in the manner I have been. I am now really ill, depressed in body and mind. I will take only just so much as shall restore me to comfort, and then I will have done with it for ever. He was within sight of the poison palace (the gin-shop). Should he enter? Conscience said, No; but a delusive propensity pleaded strongly the motive; he only went to relieve his bodily sufferings, and to nerve himself to tell his wife how fully he felt the necessity of abstaining at such parties from excitement, which led on to all the rest. The present moment's indulgence gained the victory; he entered the bar, and the first fatal link was forged in a chain which bound both body and soul, though to Charles it seemed but like casting over him a spider's thread. He took another cheerful glass. He felt its exhilarating influence, unhappy subjects fell into the background, fresh excuses came to his remembrance with which to satisfy his angry conscience and his uncomplaining wife: true he had been foolish, but it was at the social table; and the unkind words to Lizzy were, after all, only words. It was the liquor which spoke, not him; and he would now make all right, and tell her how grieved he was. He felt greatly relieved, and wondered that a little time ago he could have judged himself so harshly.

On returning home, this pleasant change in his mood raised the sunk spirit of his wife. The evening fire was burning briskly, and, closing the shutters, they sat down to their usual comforts; but the effects of the magic potion was fast ebbing off, and Charles thought that just one glass, which Elizabeth would deem the first, might enable him to conclude his task better than tea. So pleading his injured stomach's relief, another strong goblet was despatched. The wife was pleased to see the improvement in his manner, though something whispered to her, "All this is unreal."

Time is required to rivet the force of habit; but by degrees, from this fatal period, Charles, whose early virtues had put forth such hopeful promise, began to give way to drunkenness, first in secret, and then, alas! openly.

We must not weary the reader by detailing the numerous gradual steps by which, act after act, scene after scene, this drama of real life was, after some few years, brought to a close. I have related the opening page of the history; the succeeding ones are of common occurrence. A single episode more, and we close the sad story.

The wind whistled and howled; the day had closed; night was coming on with heavy clouds and darkness; driving showers of sleety rain soaked the flimsy rags of a slip-shod female, as, drawing them closer together over her high, thin shoulders, she shuffled through the sludge with eager haste. Turning the angle of a street, a sudden gust lifted for an instant her starved frame from the pathway, and hurled her like a dead leaf across the road. Recovering herself, she staggered, and, stemmimg the boisterous gale, ploughed her way onwards to the glaring crimson light of a chemist's shop, which she entered, and begged to be trusted for another bottle of medicine.

A demur ensued: the smart, genteel youth at the counter had "no right to send out his master's goods without payment."

"For the love of mercy, Sir, do not deny me,"

pleaded a soft and tuneful voice. "I am promised a shilling to-morrow, and indeed I will bring it the very moment I have it. Could you see my husband's agony, when he has none of this sedative to take, you would not deny me."

These were words of truth; the youth was human, and could no longer withhold her request. He replied that he would trust her, even though he should have to make good her failure.

The haggard face assumed a look of gratitude; and again she is making her way through the storm. Let us follow. Pad, pad, pad, her footsteps are heard, down a deep miry staircase, dismal as a coal-pit, and leading to a large cellar, divided into sections by coarse unplanned boards. She opens a door, and enters one of the divisions.

Propped in one corner of this dreary vault lay a man on whom death's unmistakeable mark was set. An inch of candle was lighted at the handful of exhausted cinders in the grate; the medicine was poured into a cup and swallowed with avidity. The effort was too much; a fearful convulsion followed. The worn-out nurse gazed breathlessly in terrible suspense. No—not quite gone; the struggling energy of the living principle held on, faintly but tenaciously.

"Lizzy," whispered the dying man (for the glass had done its work—it was Charles Stanley and his wife) "Lizzy, raise my head."

Tenderly, as she would have handled a newborn infant, she adjusted the pile of rags and straw which supplied the place of a pillow, and putting her lean arm under, supported the head, looking earnestly for symptoms of revival.

"Lizzy," he gasped out, in the thickening tones of the dying, "oh that I could call back the past! not for myself—for you—to convince you how I now abhor myself; but 'tis too late—too late. When the power was mine, *I trifled—I refused to struggle with my foe*, till the time came when *I could not do so*. I had put an iron chain about me. When I look at this horrible state of things—this place—when I look on you—what you were—what you are—and on what is close before me—how can I do anything but sink, sink, sink, into the fathomless gulf of despair." And he sobbed hysterically.

In accents of soothing, she told him to forgive himself; that she forgave him; and that with God there might still be found, on a true repentance, forgiveness to the uttermost.

He could no longer speak, but with effort tried to shake his head. Stupor came on. Lizzy reached her Bible—read a little—paused—glanced at the bed—all was still—the spark of life had fled!

Such were the scenes of misery engendered by, and such was the final result of yielding to the allurements of "The Cheerful Glass."

THE DAWN OF SCIENCE IN ENGLAND.

At its birth in England, science was in no such repute as now. Two hundred years ago there was no wonder-working wire to introduce it to the councils of cabinets, nor mighty feats of steam to write it great in the ledgers of commerce. Familiar converse was not then of the new invention, the late brilliant scientific article, or the novel

geological discovery; but it was sterner talk, of kings' rights *versus* human rights, the cabals of factions or the scandals of the court. The sore political and social distractions of the time withdrew the nobler spirits from quiet studies; and there hung round the popular mind long-set mists of ignorance and superstition. Trials for witchcraft were not uncommon. Fourteen men and women perished through this delusion in 1649, in a little village near Berwick, whose entire population consisted only of fourteen families; and about the same time, no less than eighty persons in Suffolk; though Hutchison records that but two witches were executed in England after the Royal Society published their "Transactions." This popular credulity, also, exhibited itself in other less serious moods. One Arise Evans, who had a fungous nose, said it was revealed to him that the king's hand would cure him; accordingly, at the first coming of King Charles II, in St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured the applicant. At this time, too, multitudes fled to Ireland to be healed of their diseases by the magic touch of Greatrix the stroker. Amongst the rest, Flamsteed the astronomer was sent by his father, when only a youth of nineteen, to be relieved of severe pains in his knees and joints. But even the learning of the time was confined within the narrow limits of the school philosophy; and the persecutions of Copernicus and Galileo showed the intolerant spirit it was of—sacrificing truth to violent dogmatism and prejudice. To such men, the great intellectual message of Bacon—that reasonings, however ingenious, not based on repeated observations, were mere word-splitting—was a death-blow. Little sympathy had they then for the Baconian investigator into physical nature. In his solitary laboratory he might muse on the truth he had wrested from nature's arcana, as containing a mine wherewith to enrich mankind in after ages; but he had to be content to be jeered at by his compeers as an idle trifler, and more than suspected by the vulgar as to doings with the museen world.

Yet amidst all this intellectual darkness, there were men to light the candle which was to irradiate England with the light of science. The Royal College of Physicians, established in 1518, did much toward this; and from the period just mentioned there were many solitary votaries of natural knowledge. Though several scientific societies flourished on the Continent in the interval, the first of such meetings in England was the weekly assemblage, in 1645, of a small club in a room above an apothecary's in the Strand. Its members discussed such physical novelties as Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and the researches of Toricelli and Pascal on the composition of our atmosphere; hoping in such expatiations to find a temporary respite from the troubles of that warlike time. This club was so small, that a year after its principal members congregated in Oxford, under the title of the *Invisible College*; though the stuff they were made of is shown from the description of them by the Hon. Robert Boyle:—"The best on't is, that the cornerstones of the *Invisible* are men of so capacious and searching spirits, that the school-philosophy

is but the lowest region of their knowledge; persons who endeavour to put narrow-mindedness out of countenance by the practise of so extensive a charity that it reaches unto everything called man, and nothing less than so extensive good will content it."

But those were not the times when even so small a band might continuously pursue scientific studies; so after a while they dispersed, again to meet in the Gresham College, London; thence, after meeting in it for a year, they were turned out, that it might be made a barrack for soldiers. Here, however, the meetings were again resumed in 1660, and the society constituted which was incorporated by Charles II, in 1662, as "his Royal Society to improve the knowledge of natural things, and all useful arts, manufactures, mechanic practices, engynes, and inventions by experiments." This was all the recognition which this little band received in their important studies. Enduring the neglect of royalty, the jibes of the cavaliers, and the venom showered down in pamphlets by certain of the learned whose prejudices were crossed by their researches; being for a time ousted by municipal wiles from their meeting-place; once, scattered by the plague, and once nearly dissolved by an empty exchequer;—these truth-seekers still continued to rejoice in searching diligently for knowledge, content with its own delights, and by patient labours laying the foundations of England's science and greatness.

The attendants of these weekly meetings in Gresham College consisted not merely of professed students, but of men of rank and affluence, as well as those in mercantile and professional life. The adventurous sailor or traveller brought hither their prized budgets of curiosities; and hither came the naturalist from the country, or learned foreigner, to see those rare experiments, or hear dissertations whose fame had reached the Continent. Amongst the members of the Society were many of the choicest of England's sons—men whose memories are still had in grateful remembrance. One of its chief supporters was the pious and estimable Robert Boyle, who early becoming possessed of a princely fortune, delighted to expend it, as well as the sedulous hours of a long life, in the services of science. And the well-known John Evelyn was a kindred spirit. He wrote many valuable papers for the Society, and exerted his great influence in high places on its behalf. So enthusiastic was he, that at one time he wished to call in the lyre of Cowley in its favour, thinking "the Royal Society as great a project as any antiquity hath yet celebrated," and regretting its small appreciation, "by reason of that fond obedience to the mistaken customs of the age, which robs so many of their virtue and best advantages."

Another class of members were those who, busily engaged in active life, gave to science their hurried leisure; and as the type of these stands forth Sir Christopher Wren. The Oxford doctors spoke of him as a prodigy of genius, when only a youth of fourteen; and at twenty-four, his scientific reputation had spread over Europe, having by this time held professorships both in Gresham College and Oxford. In 1661, he was appointed

assistant-surveyor of works under Sir John Denham, and in 1663, was made architect of St. Paul's. Although this appointment involved great labour and drudgery—amongst other duties having weekly to ascend to the summit of the building in a basket, to the imminent peril of his life, and though afterwards he for many years sat in parliament, he never forgot the Royal Society, his total papers and discoveries amounting to fifty-one. Bishops Wilkins and Denham, Sir R. Brouncker, and others, also formed worthy peers. But the Society owed most to its working *servants*, the men who gave their lives to the pursuit of knowledge; they, therefore, next demand our attention.

Henry Oldenburg, originally a student of Oxford, on returning from continental travel became the first secretary of the infant Society, and, for never more than forty pounds a year, toiled with most unflinching assiduity and enthusiasm. The Society owed to him such illustrious members as Ray the naturalist, Flamsteed the astronomer, and Sir Isaac Newton. He, besides, corresponded with the scientific men of the Continent, often to the extent of seventy letters weekly: but not without danger; for, to a government noways appreciating science, this great letter writing seemed suspicious, nay, somewhat treasonous. A warrant was accordingly issued in 1667, to arrest the person of Henry Oldenburg, for dangerous designs and practices; so, for three months our secretary was kept close prisoner in the Tower. On regaining his liberty, he continued with enthusiasm his official services; benefiting the Society in particular by originating, at great risk and expense, the celebrated "Philosophical Transactions." Flamsteed, Halley, and Papin, were likewise worthy servants of the Society.

Another, as distinguished for his science as for his peculiarities and irascibility, was Dr. Robert Hook, experimenter to the Society. His quarrel with Newton is well known. He was of an active, indefatigable disposition, seldom going to sleep till two, three, or four in the morning, and seldom to bed—continuing his studies all night, and taking a short nap through the day. Even on his death-bed the Royal Society occupied all his thoughts, and he also expressed an intention of bequeathing it his large fortune. Halley, at the same time, gave an account of his new marine barometer; and he himself sent for the loan of Chesney's "Fluxionem Methodus."

Such were the men who united, by the weekly meeting in the Gresham, for the study of physical nature. It required courage and magnanimity thus to meet, at a time when experimenting and specimen collecting was not understood, and therefore scouted at. But, despite all sneers and contempt, this little band diligently and assiduously pursued their search after truth, content in its discovery with the reward of all true philosophers. Their field of inquiry embraced everything comprehended within the wide boundaries of *natural*, in opposition to supernatural, knowledge. Now they were occupied with the weekly dissection; again with the weekly experiment; now a discourse on astronomy or magnetism; and now the description of some trade or manufacturing process. Whatever natural phenomenon promised

new truths was carefully investigated; and though thus sometimes they were engaged with trifles that may excite a smile, their industry was rewarded with sublime discoveries, at which the world will always wonder. Colonel Tuke at one meeting related the falling of the rain like corn at Norwich, which turned out to be only corn dropped by starlings. Another meeting was told of the curing, by the power of sympathy, of an English mariner at Venice, who had bled three days without intermission; and a select committee, including several bishops and members of parliament, sat upon the transfusion of the blood of a sheep into a poor student, who had offered himself for a guinea. It was to this band, however, that man's first mastery over mighty steam was communicated; for before them Savery exhibited his engine to raise water by the force of fire. It was to them also that Newton presented the "Principia." In their solitude these philosophers felt that they were serving their country as well as in the senate or the field; nay, that with their physical inquiries there was connected a higher and holier interest. Let one of them express the general sentiment. Flamsteed writes to Newton: "I wonder that hints should drop from your pen as if you looked on my business as trifling. You thought it not so, surely, when you resided at Cambridge. Its property is not altered. The works of the Eternal Providence, I hope, will be a little better understood, through your labours and mine, than they were formerly. Think me not proud of this expression. I look upon pride as the worst of sins; humility as the greatest virtue. This makes me excuse small faults in all mankind, bear great injuries without resentment, and resolve to maintain real friendship with all ingenious men."

Thus in the midst of trouble and turmoil were sown the intellectual seeds which have germinated in that great mind-revolution, of which Herschell, Davy, and Faraday have been the representatives, and also in that great commercial and social one, incident on the introduction of steam and machinery—a bright example, surely, for all lovers of their country, even in times of warfare, not to forsake quiet studies.

THE TESTIMONY TO TRUTH BY EMINENT MEN.

A CHRISTIAN writer has said: "Drink deep, or taste not," is a direction fully as applicable to religion, if we would find it a source of pleasure, as it is to knowledge. A little religion is, it must be confessed, apt to make men gloomy, as a little knowledge is to render them vain; hence the unjust imputation often brought upon religion by those whose degree of religion is just sufficient, by condemning their course of conduct, to render them uneasy enough merely to impair the sweetness of the pleasures of sin, and not enough to compensate for the relinquishment of them by its own peculiar comforts. Thus these men bring up, as it were, an ill report of that land of promise, which in truth abounds with whatever in our own journey through life can best refresh and strengthen us."

The testimony of God's servants is most abund-

ant and striking, as to the happiness of a life spent in his service; and having once experienced this blessedness, nothing less can satisfy them. From age to age we can trace the same spirit. Hear the aspirations of the devout St. Bernard:—"Nothing, Lord, that is thine can suffice me without thyself, nor can anything that is mine without myself be pleasing to thee." "I find," writes Baxter, "that thou, and thou alone, art the resting-place of my soul. Upon the holy altar erected by thy Son, and by his hands and his mediation, I humbly devote and offer to thee this heart. It loves to love thee; it seeks, it craves no greater blessedness than perfect, endless, mutual love. It is vowed to thee, even to thee alone, and will never take up with shadows more!"

Let me give you the testimony left us by Coleridge, one of the most thinking men of his day. These are his words in the decline of life:—"I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that three-score years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction), that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian."*

Another eminent man, distinguished for his unwearied zeal in behalf of the practice and doctrines of Christianity, Lavater, pastor of the church of St. Peter, at Zurich, in Switzerland, has given us this interesting witness to the satisfaction afforded by the religion of Christ:—"Believe me, I speak it deliberately, and with full conviction; I have enjoyed many of the comforts of life, none of which I wish to esteem lightly: often have I been charmed with the beauties of nature, and refreshed with her bountiful gifts; I have spent many an hour in sweet meditation, and in reading the most valuable productions of the wisest men; I have often been delighted with the conversation of ingenious, sensible, and exalted characters; my eyes have been powerfully attracted by the finest productions of human art, and my ears by enchanting melodies. I have found pleasure when calling into activity the powers of my own mind; when residing in my own native land, or travelling through foreign parts; when surrounded by large and splendid companies; still more, when moving in the small, endearing circle of my own family; yet to speak the truth before God, who is my Judge, I must confess, I know not any joy that is so dear to me, that so fully satisfies the inmost desires of my mind, that so enlivens, refines, and elevates my whole nature, as that which I derive from religion; from faith in God, as one who not only is the parent of men, but has condescended as a brother to clothe himself with our nature. Nothing affords me greater delight than a solid hope that I partake of his favour, and rely on his never-failing support and protection."—From "Hints for the Earnest Student," by Mrs. W. Fison.

* Letters to his Godchild.

Varieties.

A GIGANTIC CONCERN.—Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the property represented by the London and North-Western Railway Company from the following statement:—

The capital of the Company exceeds . . .	£33,000,000
The annual revenue . . .	£3,000,000
The number of servants in constant employment is about . . .	13,000
The number of stations (goods and passengers) is . . .	354
The number of passengers carried annually is . . .	9,500,000
The number of miles travelled by passengers . . .	242,000,000
The tons of merchandise, coal, &c., carried annually, about . . .	5,000,000
The number of trains run annually is . . .	205,000
The number of miles run by trains annually, upwards of . . .	9,000,000
The number of railways with which traffic is interchanged is . . .	61
The number of rates for goods in use is . . .	470,000
Ditto for passengers' fare, about . . .	250,000
The Company has 738 engines and 735 tenders, 1 state carriage, 649 first-class mail and composite carriages, 580 second-class carriages, 410 third-class carriages, 29 travelling post-offices, 311 horse-boxes, 256 carriage-trucks, 259 guards', break, and parcel vans, and 31 parcel carts and trucks for its coaching traffic; also 8871 goods' waggons, 1241 cattle waggons, 282 sheep vans, 1384 coke waggons, 23 trolley trucks, 5150 sheets, and 247 horses.— <i>Yesterparagraph.</i>	

PEOPLE WHO LIVE WITHOUT WATER.—The day before we reached the Orange River we fell in with a crew of Hottentots, whom, to our great surprise, we found living in a locality altogether destitute of water! The milk of their cows and goats supplied its place. Their cattle, moreover, never obtained water, but found a substitute in a kind of ice plant (*nesembryanthemum*), of an exceedingly succulent nature, which abounds in these regions. But our own oxen, not accustomed to such diet, would rarely or never touch it. Until I had actually convinced myself—as I had often the opportunity of doing at an after period—that men and beasts could live entirely without water, I should, perhaps, have had some difficulty in realising this singular fact.—*Anderson's "Four Years' Wanderings in South-west Africa."*

LOST TIME.—How much do young ladies learn at school for which they never find any use in after life, nor is it possible from their circumstances they ever should! Let the hours spent on music by those who have no ear, upon drawing by those who might almost be said to have no eye, upon languages by those who never afterwards speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and an aggregate of wasted time will present itself sufficient to alarm those who are sensible of its value, and of the awful responsibility of using it aright. When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate, ignorant, and useless being called “a young lady just come from school,” it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies that she has, poor thing! just come from school. This implies that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse, or adaptation to circumstances can be expected from her till she has had time to learn it. “Poor thing! she has but just come home from school—what can you expect?” is the best commentary I can offer.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF ENGLAND.—England is not like gardens or parks, with straight avenues of well-trimmed trees, where you look forward and backward, to the right and to the left, and see on all sides straight alleys, neatly gravelled, watered, and watched by a vigilant police. It is a vast and flourishing forest, where there are good and bad roads, paths straight and crooked, charming lawns and abominable sloughs, centenary oaks and inextricable briars, but where all is spontaneous, robust, vigorous, and abounding in every part with life and nature. But you must explore it, sound it, penetrate it through and through, in all directions and in all seasons, to form

an idea of what it really is. Even then you will never be sure that your idea is exact or complete; but you will at least know and feel that there is in it a mass of life, strength, and beauty which must indeed one day perish like all that is mortal, and may to-morrow be consumed by the visitation of Heaven, but where nothing indicates as yet the rapid decline and early mortality that the enemies of England prognosticate for her.—*M. de Montalembert.*

M. MONTALEMBERT'S VIEW OF WINDSOR AND ETON.—Speaking of Eton, he says:—“Opposite to it, and on the other side of the Thames, is Windsor Castle, the home of royalty, with its huge round tower, built by William the Conqueror, and its St. George's Chapel, all covered with the arms of the knights of the garter since Edward III. Around the school are wide meadows, bounded by the windings of the Thames, which form as it were a park of lawns and groves as far as the eye can see. But the pupils are not confined to their playground; they pour out at all hours in the surrounding country and in the neighbouring towns and villages. Except during the school hours, they do pretty much what they like, and very rarely abuse this liberty, which appears so strange to us. Unwatched by any special superintendent, with no restrictions but those imposed by certain traditional customs, and by that self-respect which every Englishman is so early taught, they thus begin their apprenticeship of public life and self-government, as their fathers and ours did in the schools of the middle ages. The number of studious and successful scholars is not greater probably than in our *Lycees*, perhaps less; but the study of ancient languages is with some carried very high, and is popular with all. Moreover, in this mass of children, life, health, and intelligence overflow with a sort of expansive and respectful serenity, which is not met with among the pupils of our scholastic barracks. What a difference between such a residence and the houses in which we were doomed to pass our educational days—gloomy prisons, blocked up between two streets of Paris, surrounded on all sides by the roofs and chimney-pots of the neighbouring houses, with two rows of sickly trees struggling for life in a courtyard, paved or gravelled, and our only recreation a miserable walk, once a week or fortnight, through the *guinguettes* of the faubourgs! And yet one sees no rudeness or low manners in these young people thus emancipated. On certain gala days the older boys figure in court dresses before the royal family and the aristocracy, and declaim some Greek or Latin or English speeches, with an ease and simplicity of good taste that practised orators might envy. But to form a just opinion of the anticipated manliness of these children of liberty, as well as of the general and energetic vitality of the superior classes in England, we must see these boys during their play-hours, under the shade of their great trees. We shall then understand the saying of the Duke of Wellington, when he returned in the decline of his days to this beautiful spot, where he had been brought up—recollecting the plays of his youth, and finding the same precocious vigour in the descendants of his old playmates and friends, he exclaimed aloud—“It is here that the battle of Waterloo was won!”

A BUSINESS-MAN'S TESTIMONY TO THE SABBATH.—Of the late Adam Rolland, an eminent lawyer and chamber counsellor, well known half a century ago, the following anecdote was told by the late pious Rev. Walter Tait, minister of the Trinity College Church of Edinburgh, of whose church Mr. Rolland was a member. Mr. R. having met with a country friend coming out of the church, invited him to share in the hospitalities of his house. On his friend telling Mr. R. that in fact it was to see him and to consult him on some important business that he had come to town, and being about to enter on the subject, Mr. R. gently touched him, saying: “My friend, I do not keep company on this day, far less could I enter on worldly business, of which I have enough during the week-days. The key of my business-room remains at rest till to-morrow at ten o'clock, when I will be ready to give you my best advice. I saw you in our church, and am happy to show you attention, but we'll leave the concerns of this world out for this day.” He added, that to this resolution he owed much of the comfort he had enjoyed.